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A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

WE can scarcely wonder that poor Favanti's head is turned. We are only indeed surprised that she has not gone clean mad. The critics must certainly have a design against her sanity. On one side, eulogies the most fulsome and ridiculous—on the other, abuse the most virulent and absurd. The provincial journals outvie even the London papers in the extravagance of their encomiums and the violence of their depreciation. We have at hand a couple of critiques on poor Miss Edwards, which will teach the general reader at what rate to value the *opinions of the press* (!) on matters of art. The "Liverpool Times" speaks of Favanti thus:—

"Signora Favanti may be said to have been borne back to her native shores on a flood of Italian raptures. Were it not for her face, which is full of animation and intellect, the *Signora* would be any thing but the *beau ideal* of a *prima donna*; but her magnificent voice, and her picturesque and dashing execution, soon sweep away any depreciatory impressions which may have sprung from her externally unpromising appearance. Her voice is not only one of great compass, but of extraordinary power, and in its whole range it is under such perfect control, that she produces, with magical celerity and ease, the most startling effects. Her style is dramatic and impassioned in the highest degree; confident genius and power are stamped on her lineaments, her action, and her singing; and though surprise is perhaps the predominant feeling to which her wonderful achievements give rise, she is capable of producing tones and passages of such surpassing beauty, as to excite feelings of a more subdued, yet deeper and more enduring character."

We do not presume to understand the sentence displayed in italics. It would seem to infer, that *were it not for her personal beauty, she would not be considered handsome!* We can make nothing else of it—try, reader if *you* can. However, laying the beauty aside (and on that score we profess to share the enthusiasm of the lady's admirers)—the eulogies of Favanti's vocal powers are certainly hyperbolic—if not quite absurd. But, on the other hand, overdone as is the above, the following, from the "Shropshire Conservative," is twenty times worse—it is indeed infinitely ludicrous:—

"Favanti, or Miss Edwards, is *nothing more nor less than an impostor*—she sings out of tune, *has no soul, nor the slightest idea of blending her notes*—her singing of the aria was all fits and starts, her upper notes loud, her lower ones scarcely audible; the two last lines of the aria were *bellowed out*, as though the singer's object was to prove mere strength of lungs. Favanti possesses *more of the qualities of the screech owl than the nightingale*; there is not a plaintive note in her utterance, it is *Billingsgate run mad*. We are not surprised that a London reputation, got up for a short period, through interest in some of the leading daily press, should have so soon perished under dispassionate public opinion. The aria was encored by a few at the screen end of the hall, to the great discredit of their judgment—a *more wretched exhibition, however, we never witnessed*. It pains us to write thus of a lady, but as we prefer presenting the truth, however harsh, to gulling the public, we have but one course to pursue, namely, to tell the truth."

And so our wordy cotemporary "gulls the public" by telling—not one, but many, *lies*. Now that we have broken the ice, and have ventured (against our original intention) to write about Favanti, we shall do so without ceremony or squeamishness. Her faults we shall not gloss

over—we shall indeed lose no occasion of pointing them out. But we will not allow AN ENGLISHWOMAN to be scoffed at and hooted by a clique of foreign hirelings. Favanti is *not* an impostor—she sings out of tune, often, but *not* always—she *has* soul, and a thousand times more of it than nine tenths of her contemptible detractors—she does *not* bellow, though she may occasionally force her voice to disadvantage—she is no more like a "screech-owl" than is the editor of the "Shropshire Conservative," like an ourang-outang (if, indeed, so much)—neither is she a nightingale, but a young woman, and a fine one—she has not "a plaintive note in her utterance," certainly, because there is no such thing as "a plaintive note," and the person who wrote down such nonsense ought to be turned out of his office as an ignoramus; but, nevertheless, she can (and we have often heard her) sing *with plaintive feeling*—her "utterance" is no more "Billingsgate run mad," than is the voice of the Shropshire editor like that of an asthmatic bricklayer up a chimney (if, indeed, so much)—in short, none of these sins can be fairly laid to the charge of Favanti, and we conclude they were written by some miserable penny-a-liner, who has occasionally dined in company with Fornasari's valet, or danced the Polka with Grisi's waiting-maid. We must confess our surprise, that so disgusting a display of vulgarity as the Shropshire critique should have been allowed to appear in a respectable, provincial, conservative (of all but good manners) newspaper. Gentlemen of Shrewsbury, where was your well known gallantry,

when you permitted this mean and scurrilous asperser of a fair young English artist to pass one hour unhorse-whipped, after he had, through the medium of his paper, vomited forth his mass of filth and venom? Shame on ye, gentlemen of Shrewsbury!

Our readers know (by a former article) that we originally abstained from speaking of Favanti, for reasons which we have already circumstantially explained. We could not join in the unlimited enthusiasm of the London Press, but, as the object of it was a lady and a countrywoman, we preferred saying nothing about her to dispelling her momentary illusion. We knew the time *must* come when the critics would be compelled to swallow their own words and turn to the right about—and we judged it expedient to allow them to be their own chastisers. But we reasoned stupidly—we are quite convinced of our mistake, and shall not fail to amend the consequences. Now that a number of venal scribblers are employed in dealing out unmeasured abuse on the object of a previously lavish enthusiasm, we shall exert our authority, as the leaders of musical opinion in Great Britain, to annihilate the whole pack of them. Our blood boils to see a woman—and a young one—and a handsome one—aye, and a talented one—thus treated by a set of ill-mannered and heartless wretches, who would write libels on their own mothers for the sake of a dinner or a fee. But we know them and their *leaders*—we see the whole matter as clearly as a fish in a glass bottle. Let them be careful—and let them not force us to an *exposé* of the whole matter before the eyes of an English public.

Q.

THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

(By an American.)

THE lives of the musicians are imperfectly written, for this obvious reason. The soul of the great musician can only be expressed in music. This language is so much more ready, flexible, full, and rapid, than any other, that we can never expect the minds of those unaccustomed to its use to be expressed by act or word, with even that

degree of adequacy, which we find in those of other men. They are accustomed to a higher stimulus, a more fluent existence. We must read them in their works; this, true of artists in every department, is especially so of the high priests of sound. Yet the eye, which has followed with rapture the flight of the bird till it has quite vanished in the blue serene, reverts with pleasure to the nest which it finds of materials and architecture, that, if wisely examined, correspond entirely with all previously imagined of the songster's history and habits. The biography of the artist is a scanty gloss upon the grand text of his works, but we examine it with a deliberate tenderness, and could not spare those half-effaced pencil marks of daily life. In vain the healthy reactions of nature have so boldly in our own day challenged the love of greatness, and bid us turn from Boswellism to read the record of the village clerk. These obscure men, you say, have hearts also, busy lives, expanding souls. Study the simple annals of the poor, and you find there, only restricted and stifled by accident, Milton, Calderon, or Michael Angelo. Precisely for that, precisely because we might be such as these, if temperament and position had seconded the soul's behest, must we seek with eagerness this spectacle of the occasional manifestation of that degree of development which we call hero, poet, artist, martyr. A sense of the depths of love and pity in our obscure and private breasts bids us demand to see their sources burst up somewhere through the lava of circumstance, and Peter Bell has no sooner felt his first throb of penitence and piety, than he prepares to read the lives of the saints. Of all those forms of life which in their greater achievement shadow forth what the accomplishment of our life in the ages must be, the artist's life is the fairest in this, that it weaves its web most soft and full, because of the material most at command. Like the hero, the statesman, the martyr, the artist differs from other men only in this, that the demon within the breast speaks louder, or is more early and steadily obeyed than by men in general. But colours, and marble, and paper scores are more easily found to use, and more under command, than the occasions of life or the wills of other men, so that we see in the poet's work, if not a higher sentiment, or a deeper meaning, a more frequent and more perfect fulfilment than in him who builds his temple from the world day by day, or makes a nation his canvass and his palette. It is also easier to us to get the scope of the artist's design and its growth, as the area where we see it does not stretch vision beyond its power. The Sybil of Michael Angelo, indeed, shares the growth of centuries, as much as Luther's

Reformation, but the first apparition of the one strikes both the senses and the soul, the other only the latter, so we look most easily and with liveliest impression at the Sybil. Add the benefits of rehearsal and repetition. The grand Napoleon drama could be acted but once, but Mozart's "Don Giovanni" presents to us the same thought seven times a week, if we wish to yield to it so many. The artists, too, are the young children of our sickly manhood, or wearied out old age. On us life has pressed till the form is marred and bowed down, but their youth is immortal, invincible, to us the inexhaustible prophecy of a second birth. From the naive lisps of their uncalculating lives are heard anew the tones of that mystic song we call Perfectibility, Perfection. Artist biographies, scanty as they are, are always beautiful. The tedious cavil of the Teuton cannot degrade, nor the sultry superlatives of the Italian wither them. If any fidelity be preserved in the record, it always casts new light on their works. The exuberance of Italian praise is the better extreme of the two, for the heart, with all its blunders, tells truth more easily than the head. The records before us of the great composers, are by the patient and reverent Germans, the sensible, never to be duped Englishman, or the sprightly Frenchman; but a Vasari was needed also to cast a broader sunlight on the scene. All artist lives are interesting. And those of the musicians, peculiarly so to-day, when music is the living, growing, art. Sculpture, painting, architecture, are indeed not dead, but the life they exhibit is as the putting forth of young scions from an old root. The manifestation is hopeful rather than commanding. But music, after all the wonderful exploits of the last century, grows and towers yet. Beethoven, towering far above our heads, still with colossal gesture points above. Music is pausing now to explain, arrange, or explore the treasures so rapidly accumulated; but how great the genius thus employed, how vast the promise for the next revelation! Beethoven seems to have chronicled all the sobs, the heart-heavings, and god-like Promethean thefts of the Earth-spirit. Mozart has called to the sister stars, as Handel and Haydn have told to other spheres what has been actually performed in this; surely, they will answer through the next magician. The thought of the law that supercedes all thoughts, which pierces us the moment we have gone far in any department of knowledge or creative genius, seizes and lifts us from the ground in music. "Were but this known all would be accomplished" is sung to us ever in the triumphs of harmony. What the other arts indicate and philosophy infers, this all-enfolding language declares, nay, publishes,

and we lose all care for to-morrow or modern life in the truth averred of old, that all truth is comprised in music and mathematics.

By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
As sages taught where *faith* was found to merit
Initiation in that mystery old.*

A very slight knowledge of music makes it the best means of interpretation. We meet our friend in a melody as in a glance of the eye, far beyond where words have strength to climb; we explain by the corresponding tone in an instrument that trait in our admired picture, for which no sufficiently subtle analogy had yet been found. Botany had never touched our true knowledge of our favourite flower, but a symphony displays the same attitude and hues; the philosophic historian had failed to explain the motive of our favourite hero, but every bugle calls, and every trumpet proclaims him. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear! Of course, we claim for music only a greater rapidity, fullness, and, above all, delicacy of utterance. All is in each, and each in all, so that the most barbarous stammering of the Hottentot indicates the secret of man, as clearly as the rudest zoophyte the perfection of organized being, or the first stop on the reed the harmonies of heaven. But music, by the ready medium, the stimulus and the upbearing elasticity it offers for the inspirations of thought, alone seems to present a living form rather than a dead monument to the desires of Genius. The feeling naturally given by an expression so facile of the identity and universality of all thought, every thought, is beautifully expressed in this anecdote of Haydn. When about to compose a symphony he was in the habit of animating his genius by imagining some little romance. An interesting account of one of those is given in Bombet's life of Haydn, p. 75.

"But when his object was not to express any particular affection, or to paint any particular images, all subjects were alike to him. 'The whole art consists,' said he, 'in taking up a subject and pursuing it.' Often when a friend entered as he was about to compose a piece, he would say with a smile, 'Give me a subject.'—'Give a subject to Haydn! who would have the courage to do so?' 'Come, never mind,' he would say, 'give me anything you can think of, and you were obliged to obey.' "Many of his astonishing quartets exhibit marks of this (piece of dexterity, the French Chevalier is pleased to call it.) They commence with the most insignificant idea, but, by degrees, this idea assumes a character; it strengthens, increases, extends itself, and the dwarf becomes a giant before our wondering eyes."

This is one of the high delights received from a musical composition more than from any other work of art, except perhaps the purest effusions of lyric poetry,

* Wordsworth.

that you feel at once both the result and the process. The musician enjoys the great advantage of being able to excite himself to compose by his instrument. This gives him a great advantage above those who are obliged to execute their designs by implements less responsive and exciting.—Bach did not consider his pupils as at all advanced, till they could compose from the pure mental harmony, without the outward excitement of the instrument; but, though in the hours of inspiration the work grows of itself, yet the instrument must be of the greatest use to multiply and prolong these hours. We find that all these great composers were continually at the piano. Haydn seated himself there the first thing in the morning, and Beethoven, when so completely deaf, that he could neither tune his violin and piano, nor hear the horrible discords he made upon them, stimulated himself continually by the manual utterance to evolution of the divine harmonies which were lost for ever to his bodily ear. It is mentioned by Bombet, as another advantage which the musician possesses over other artists, that—

"His productions are finished as soon as imagined. Thus Haydn, who abounded in such beautiful ideas, incessantly enjoyed the pleasure of creation. The poet shares this advantage with the composer; but the musician can work faster. A beautiful ode, a beautiful symphony, need only be imagined, to cause, in the mind of the author, that secret admiration, which is the life and soul of artists. But in the studies of the military man, of the architect, the sculptor, the painter, there is not invention enough for them to be fully satisfied with themselves; further labours are necessary. The best planned enterprise may fail in the execution; the best conceived picture may be ill painted; all this leaves in the mind of the inventor an obscurity, a feeling of uncertainty, which renders the pleasure of creation less complete. Haydn, on the contrary, in imagining a symphony, was perfectly happy; there only remained the physical pleasure of hearing it performed, and the moral pleasure of seeing it applauded."

Plausible as this comparison appears at first; the moment you look at an artist like Michael Angelo, who, by deep studies and intensity of survey, had attained such vigor of conception and surety of hand, that forms sprang forth under his touch as fresh, as original, and as powerful, as on the first days when there was light upon the earth, so that he could not turn his pencil this way or that, but these forms came upon the paper as easily as plants from the soil where the fit seed falls,—at Raphael, who seemed to develop at once in his mind the germ of all possible images, so that shapes flowed from his hand plenteous and facile as drops of water from the open sluice, we see that the presence of the highest genius makes all mediums alike transparent, and that the advantages of one over the other respect only the more or less rapid growth of the artist, and the more or less

lively effect on the mind of the beholder. All high art says but one thing; but this is said with more or less pleasure by the artist, felt with more or less pleasure by the beholder, according to the flexibility and fullness of the language. As Bombet's lives of Haydn and Mozart are accessible through an American edition, I shall not speak of these masters with as much particularity as of the three other artists. Bombet's book, though superficial, and in its attempts at criticism totally wanting in that precision which can only be given by a philosophical view of the subject, is lively, informed by a true love for beauty, and free from exaggeration, as to the traits of life which we most care for. The life of Haydn is the better of the two, for the calm and equable character of this great man made not much demand on insight. It displays throughout the natural decorum and freedom from servile and conventional restraints, the mingling of dignity and tenderness, the singleness of aim, and childlike simplicity in action proper to the artist's life. It flowed a gentle, bounteous river, broadening ever beneath the smiles of a "calm pouring sun." A manly uniformity makes his life intelligible alike to the genius and the citizen. Set the picture in its proper frame, and we think of him with great pleasure, sitting down nicely dressed, with the diamond on his finger, given him by the King of Prussia, to compose the Creation, or the Seven Words. His life was never little, never vehement, and an early calm hallowed the gush of his thoughts. We have no regret, no wail, little thought for this life of Haydn. It is simply the fitting vestibule to the temple of his works. The healthy energy of his nature is well characterized by what is said of his "obstinate joy."

"The magic of his style seems to me to consist in a predominating character of liberty and joy. This joy of Haydn is a perfectly natural, pure, and continual exaltation; it reigns in the *allegros*, it is perceptible even in the grave parts, and pervades the *andantes* in a sensible degree. In these compositions, where it is evident from the rhythm, the tone, and the general character, that the author intends to inspire melancholy, this obstinate joy, being unable to show itself openly, is transformed into energy and strength. Observe, this sombre gravity is not pain; it is joy constrained to disguise itself which might be called the concentrated joy of a savage; but never sadness, dejection, or melancholy. Haydn has never been really melancholy more than two or three times; in a verse of his *Subat Mater*, and in two of the adagios of the *Seven Words*. This is the reason why he has never excelled in dramatic music. Without melancholy, there can be no impassioned music."

(To be continued.)

JULES DE GLIMES, the pianist and composer, starts on Saturday for Brussels. His absence will be of short duration.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A
CONTRAPUNTIST.

3.—LODER'S SONGS OF THE POETS.

THE composer of these songs is, we are informed, engaged by Mr. Maddox to write an opera for the Princess's Theatre; and it is very probable that he may succeed in amusing the usual opera-going community, as his style of writing is good and particularly pleasing; but before we speak of his elegant book, we may make some general remarks concerning music. We are not aware of the extent of Mr. Loder's learning, but we fear it must rank below any of the opera-writers of former times who made counterpoint an essential study, before presuming to compose so important a work. There are too many musicians who attempt writing operas, and even oratorios, without having any knowledge of counterpoint. If such succeed in their attempts, it cannot be attributable to the soundness of their musical education, but rather to the unsound opinions of the admirers of music in this country. Why do Gluck's, Cherubini's, to say nothing of Mozart's, numerous operas sleep so long, when modern composers, with a quarter of their genius and education, are requested to wake the lyre and hush the pretty warbling choir? Because the tone of society is lower in this respect than we allow it to be. Englishmen are too fond of absolute nonsense in their amusements. It is expecting too much to ask the lovers of our theatrical amusements to patronise classical music; and the generality of society being so constructed that fathers and mothers prefer hearing their daughters play polkas, and taking them to immodest ballets, rather than learning rational and classical music, they ought not to be surprised that their daughters prefer unreasonable frivolity and levity to more innocent and far superior enjoyments. If music were properly studied, it would become one of the greatest blessings to this country. We do not desire to be understood that religious works alone should be cultivated, but that sound and classical music should take the lead of every other style of composition. It is an undeniable fact, that ladies who can see no beauties in music beyond what is termed "a pretty air," are very fond of trifling, insipid, and sentimental poetry which pleases their senses because it flatters their vanity. Our censure on trifling songs may appear of first sight too severe; but when we consider how minute things tend to important results, too much regard cannot be paid to the style of amusements introduced into families; as the morals of a nation will be more affected by them than is generally supposed, or at least regarded. We return, however, to Mr. Loder's songs; and we would observe, that his music is, throughout this elegant publication, interspersed with delightful melodies. The author modestly claims no merit to himself for originality; but we are in some measure disposed to disagree with him on this point. The poetry of each song is of the highest order; and were music generally so well wedded with poetry, the union would have a very proper influence on society.

G. F. FLOWERS. *Mus. Bac.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World

London, Sept. 15, 1844.

SIR,—I take the liberty of making a few observations upon the letter of Mr. G. F. Flowers in the *Musical World* of Thursday last, as I think him

in error in many of his statements. The art of fugue writing does not appear to me by any means so rare or difficult an acquirement as he would infer, nor can I agree with him in attaching so much importance to it, excepting in particular situations. It is much less difficult to write a perfect and correct fugue than any other class of composition; the laws are so fixed, and the working so mechanical, that it does not require (and scarcely admit of) any effort of genius. Of course there are many degrees of excellence in that as in every other department of composition. I have always considered a knowledge of fugue writing to be involved in a proper knowledge of harmony, as much as any other kind of progression, and I think Mr. G. F. Flowers erroneous in considering himself and the members of what he terms the Contrapuntists' Society so superior in that respect to others, although it is (very judiciously) neither always used, or always talked about. The fugue is essentially fitted for sacred and serious purposes, and when performed by voices, orchestra, or organ, has its proper effect; it is, however, a form of writing less adapted to the nature of the pianoforte than any other, and is therefore rarely used; but it is not to be inferred from this that writers for the pianoforte are ignorant of counterpoint. The writings of all our modern pianists of eminence evince their perfect ability in that style, although they are too well acquainted with the character of their instrument to constitute that its permanent style. Does Mr. G. F. Flowers consider the very extensive list of talented organists, orchestral, and other writers, less informed in this respect than the members of the Contrapuntists' Society? The study of counterpoint is used as a means of attaining other excellencies, not solely as an end, and I believe it to form a part of the preparation of all educated musicians though not members of the Contrapuntists' Society; it is, however, like many of the rules of music, necessary to learn, and equally necessary to unlearn. Many of Mr. G. F. Flowers' assertions are in very bad taste, among others the paragraph headed 4th, and the termination where he states,—"*I will not draw a picture of the present condition of the musical profession, for it is painful to reflect upon.*" I know not from what class of musical society Mr. G. F. Flowers may have formed his opinion, but if such a remark is to apply generally, I must consider it erroneous, and its manner of expression in bad taste. The contempt which Mr. G. F. Flowers expresses for the musical profession generally, I believe to be still more generally felt by them for him.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Respectfully yours,

MUSICA.

A CHANCE FOR COMPOSERS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—Having observed a paragraph in your valuable journal of last week respecting the libretto for an English Opera. I beg to inform the "Young English Musician" that I have a one act English Opera, for which I gave £1, for the same purpose he proposes; he shall have it for 10s.

If you would insert this I should feel much obliged.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your's truly,

H. S.

P.S.—It contains 312 lines with stage directions.

Provincial.

LIVERPOOL.—It is contemplated to erect a spacious music-hall, which, whilst it shall do honour to the town in an architectural point of view, shall prove that the inhabitants are in earnest in their pursuit of the pleasure and instruction to be derived from the study and encouragement of music, and determined to spare neither pains nor expense to secure to professors, amateurs, and hearers, the accommodation of which, it must be confessed, they are at present lamentably destitute. A prospectus, and plans for the accomplishment of their wishes, have been prepared by the members of the Philharmonic Society, to whom the public is already very greatly indebted for the progress which music has made in this neighbourhood. The hall is intended to contain, in the audience part, two thousand one hundred persons, and the orchestra two hundred and fifty performers. We remember with gratitude the great and invaluable services that have been conferred upon the town by the Philharmonic Society, which, at first, consisting only of a few gentlemen amateurs, assisted by a still less number of professionals, has sprung into the first rank amongst the musical associations of the provinces. We wish the society to have more freedom than it can be permitted to boast of whilst its performances are liable to the surveillance of the directors of the Collegiate Institution, in whose lecture-room its meetings are held. A time may come when amusements of a secular character will be deemed incompatible with the objects and designs of an institution for the religious education of the young. Should this difficulty arise, it will be found that St. George's Hall, which would have to be fitted up at a tremendous expense for each concert, is too large, and that the concert-room in connection with that edifice is too small. The best way, therefore, to obviate all occasion of future annoyance is for our townsmen to approve the proposition, which, we understand, is about to be submitted to them through the members of a society which they must all respect, and the permanency of which they must desire to promote; and by a liberal patronage of the scheme, secure to themselves a profit as well as a pleasure, and remove from Liverpool the stigma of having no temple exclusively devoted to the fosterage and extension of music.—*Liverpool Mail.*

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—We really began to fear that, after one hundred and twenty annual meetings, it was reserved for our own county to neglect keeping the anniversary of the "Three Choirs." Nor was our regret at this prospect confined to the loss of those magnificent compositions, to which we have been accustomed to look forward with so much pleasure; but we could not fail to remember and picture to ourselves, the disappointment which would necessarily be felt by those, who, for other and weightier reasons, have been accustomed to hail with joy this annual festival. The cause of the widow and the orphan deserves far more of our anxiety than the cause of music; and sad indeed would it be if in these days of missionary zeal, we were to forget our own land, and, by the sudden cessation of a charity which has for one hundred and twenty years held forth its promise, suffer the wail of the widow and orphan to ascend: for, as Dr. Claxson observed at a preceding festival, "There can be no nobler exercise of charity than that of providing temporarily for the widows and orphans of those who have spent their best days in administering to our spiritual wants." We therefore do rejoice that the doubt which for some time hung over the promise of this festival, is now not only removed, but that such a determined spirit of exertion has been evoked, that the meeting in 1844, in merit and attendance, is likely to eclipse its predecessors. The usual number of stewards has been increased to eight by the addition of two lay-stewards. The

vocal performers are of the highest class, and *all English*, an advantage of the first importance to the effective performance of sacred music. One of the worst errors of former festivals has been the engagement of Italians, who, however pre-eminent in their own school, completely burlesque the English Cathedral, and German styles of composition; while the ridiculously extravagant terms paid to them have been severely felt by the stewards who have to guarantee the expenses. But of the performers and the compositions which form the programmes, we purpose speaking in our next. We would yet desire to remind our readers in Bristol, that the railway being now opened to Gloucester, every facility is offered them to attend the festival, and surely on no occasion could they be pre-vented with so much gratification, for while the heart is ravished by the sublimest musical conceptions, there is the satisfaction that to themselves may be applied the words of Boyce's beautiful anthem, used in the Cathedral service on the first day, "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."—*Great Western Advertiser*.

EXETER.—Sherman's Promenade Concerts have been a hit. The vocalists are, Miss Robinson, Miss Atkinson, Miss Harrington, and Mr. Ingham. Mr. K. S. Pratten led the concerts, and performed on the flute. Mr. Pelzer commenced a course of twenty singing lessons on Monday, Sept. 16.

BRISTOL.—On Monday last Mr. Wilson resumed his visits to our city, after an absence of some months; and his reception was highly flattering, the Victoria-room being well filled, both morning and evening. His new entertainment, "Wandering Willie's Wallet," is characteristic of the music of Scotland. Mr. Wilson's delivery was marked with judgment and taste, and the announcement of his intention shortly to give another entertainment here was received with considerable applause.—*Bristol Journal*.

BRISTOL.—The Organ in Taunton, St. Mary Magdalene, was opened on Tuesday, by Mr. W. Ball, with full Cathedral services. The plan of placing the instrument on each side of the western window was given by Mr. James Ling, builder of the organ. The cases are designed by B. Ferrey, Esq. of Bedford-street, Bedford-square, London, the architect, under whom the screens at the west end, and the altar, with the stalls and benches, were constructed, is the architect engaged for the restoration of the Cathedral Church, at Wells. The effect is that of a Cathedral organ. The Choir Organ being separate from the "Great," it becomes a complete echo to it. The change of the situation, and the addition of several stops, have altered the character of the instrument. One advantage is obtained by placing the organ where it is—viz. it is heard equally in all parts of the Church. The compass of the organ is from F F F to F in alt. It has three rows of keys—swell to tenor F. The Rev. Mr. Knight, of the Exeter Cathedral, chanted the service. The amount of the first collection was £30, and that in the evening £20.—*Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*.

BRADFORD.—The organ erected in St. James's church by Messrs. Gray and Davison, of London, under the superintendence of Dr. Wesley, was opened on Wednesday evening. The Leeds choir, assisted by Mrs. Sunderland and the choir of St. James's chanted the service and performed several anthems, amongst which was one by Dr. Wesley, "The wilderness and the solitary place," full of pathos and dramatic effect. Dr. Wesley performed several extempore effusions in masterly style. The organ is in every respect one of the finest instruments of modern origin in this part of the country. The full organ is remarkable for its sparkling and brilliant tone, the superb pedal pipes and diapasons (in which Gray and Davison are universally ac-

knowledgeed to stand unrivalled), add not a little to its grandeur and effectiveness. The reed stops possess considerable beauty; the swell is also full and powerful; the numerous composition pedals and other great improvements which have been effected in this instrument by the builders, evince great mechanical skill. The congregation of St. James's Church, and every admirer of the organ, must feel deeply indebted to the munificent donor (Mr. Charles Walker) of so noble an instrument, which must remain a lasting testimony of his zeal and love for the church. Mr. C. D. Hackett is engaged as organist to St. James's Church—a very excellent choice, as all musicians must allow.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

MOUNT RADFORD.—A Music Hall has been recently opened here by our enterprising townsman, Mr. Ash. The object is to form a musical circulating library, of the best works of ancient and modern composers. The terms are low; and the advantages of the establishment to amateurs, to say nothing of the agreeable lounge which it affords, renders it worthy of patronage. It is a handsome building, elegantly fitted up; its situation is the centre of Mount Radford, at Radnor Place. It is ornamented with tasteful works of art; and furnished with two excellent pianofortes. The library is well chosen and extensive; and comprises the musical periodicals.—*Western Times*.

LEICESTER.—Messrs. A. and H. Nicholson on Wednesday evening gave their annual concert, and the attendance must have been a source of high gratification to them. We are precluded, by press of matter, from noticing, as we desire to do, this spirited, well conducted, and successful concert.—*Leicester Journal*.

MANCHESTER.—On Tuesday evening last a numerous audience attended at the New School, Sparrow Hill, belonging to the parish church, when the first annual congregational concert of the Rochdale singing class, consisting of about 200 voices, took place. It is conducted upon the method of Wilhelm. The principal vocal performers who assisted, were Miss Schofield and T. Rawson; violin, Mr. T. H. Allwood; conductor, Mr. Weston, of Manchester, assisted by Mr. Pitts, of Rochdale. Dr. Molesworth addressed the company, and spoke of the improvement in the class.—*Manchester Courier*.

BRIGHTON.—Braham and his sons, gave an evening concert at our Town Hall, on Monday last; they were assisted by the band of the Inniskilling dragoons. Braham's singing drew forth enthusiastic plaudits from the numerous auditory assembled. He was encored in the "Picture Song," the "Watchman," and the "Bay of Biscay." In a new song, said to be composed by H. R. H. Prince Albert, Braham was less fortunate. Mr. C. Braham was encored in the Serenade from *Don Pasquale*, and a similar compliment was paid to the duet between Mr. C. Braham and his worthy progenitor, in "O! Albion!" Mr. H. Braham has a fine voice, and only wants experience to render him an accomplished vocalist. His "Wanderer," was much admired, and encored. The concert terminated about 11 o'clock, and afforded the highest gratification to all present, and reflected credit upon Mr. McCarroll under whose superintendence it was conducted. Mr. Braham gave a concert, consisting entirely of sacred music, on Tuesday morning, at the Town Hall, which was fashionably, although not so numerously attended as on the previous evening—the pieces were selected from Handel's most admired oratorios, and terminated highly successfully. Mr. Braham sang at Worthing on the following day. The concert with Grisi, &c. takes place on the 24th; under the management of Mr. McCarroll. Mr. Lover attracted a very numerous audience at the Newburgh Rooms on Saturday morning last, when his witty and well-told anecdotes, and his songs were highly appreciated and

applauded. His reception was so flattering as to induce Messrs. Wright to make arrangements for another concert on Thursday. Messrs. Wright have engaged Jullien and his band, for a series of concerts, similar to those given on previous occasions. They have likewise made engagements with Dohler, Sivori, Piatti, &c. for an evening concert on the 6th.—The three Misses Smith, (nieces of the Countess of Essex) have been singing at our Theatre during the week, and to the admirers of Scotch and Irish ballads, have proved highly attractive.—(From our own Correspondent).

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN THE PARAGRAPH headed "Gloucester," which appeared in our journal last week, read *Mutlow for Hertford*, printed by mistake.

THE STABAT MATER.—O'Connell (and why O'Connell?) would not permit Grisi and her colleagues to perform Rossini's *Stabat Mater* in the Dublin Theatre, because it was too sacred a composition to be heard within the walls of a playhouse.

THE DOHLER PARTY, consisting of Dohler, Sivori, Piatti, Miss Steele, and Signor Theodore Lablache, will commence a provincial tour on the 7th of October at Tunbridge Wells.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL.—This gentleman repeated his entertainment on Tuesday night to a densely crowded audience, in the Hanover Square Rooms. He sang most of his popular compositions, and was welcomed throughout with great favour. There were several encores during the evening. Mr. Russell's delivery of the "Gambler's Wife" was exceedingly impressive, and his "Nigger" songs were honoured with the loudest demonstrations of approval. His imitations of the Niggers were highly humorous, and his anecdotes quaint and amusing. The piano-forte was one of the *Fondas* of Kirkman and Sons, a capital instrument, powerful and richly toned.

PARIS.—A new oratorio has been brought out at the chapel at Versailles; it is by a trio of composers—Halévy, Alari, and the Prince de la Moskowa. The solo parts were sung by amateur vocalists of the nobility, including the Countess of Merlin, Countess Murat, Baroness de Juloeour, &c. The orchestra consisted of the principal members of that of the Grand Opera. A French version of Rossini's "Otello" has been brought out at the *Academie de Musique*, the libretto by M. Pilett, manager of that theatre; it met with partial success. Next month our Italian operatic season commences. Tagioni leaves us for Brussels, where the fêtes in commemoration of the Belgic revolution take place on the 25th, 26th, and 27th ult.

MUSIC AMONG THE TURKS.—It was not till the reign of Amurath that this art was cultivated or known among the Turks.—That prince having ordered a general massacre of the Persians at the taking of Bagdad, was so moved by the tender and affecting air of a Persian harper*, that he retracted his cruel order, and put a stop to the slaughter. The musician was conducted, with four of his brother minstrels, to Constantinople, and by these the art was propagated among the Turks. Under Mahomet the Fourth it flourished, and was almost brought to its perfection, principally through the exertions of Osman Effendi, who was himself a great connoisseur, and educated a number of scholars. The first, however, who applied notes to Turkish airs was Prince Cantimer, whose book was dedicated to Sultan Achmet II. and is very rare. Although the Turks highly prize this work, they seldom use or imitate it; contenting themselves to compose and execute *memoriter* according to their ancient custom; so difficult it seems is it to reduce to a regular scale of notation the Theory of Turkish music—not that it is without system and rules, as some have advanced;—it has not only all the *times* and sounds of ours, but, possessing quarter tones, is richer in materials, and consequently more melodious. Niebuhr was misinformed when he said that Turks of rank would think themselves dishonoured by learning music; so far from this, it makes a usual part of their education. It is only in public they disdain to sing or play. Guer, and after him other writers, have asserted that in the infirmary of the seraglio there is a concert of vocal and instrumental music from morning to night, for the purpose of soothing the sufferings and exhilarating the spirits of the sick; this, however, was denied to the Abate Toderini, by one who had been twenty years a physician of the seraglio.

MR. TEMPLETON.—(*From a Correspondent of the "Caledonian Mercury."*)—Templeton's chest voice has a range of two octaves, and though not remarkable for fulness of tone in the lower notes, is highly so in the middle and upper ones, being capable of sustaining the A and B flat, in *alt*, with ease and power. His *mezza voce*, a combination of the *falsetto* and chest voice gives him advantages in those subdued passages, which cannot be effectively sung with the upper notes of the

chest voice, or the lower ones of the *falsetto*. His *falsetto* possesses a power and roundness of tone, which is rarely to be met with. With regard to his Scotch ballads, I have heard that he mars their simplicity by the introduction of ornament. This can only apply to the light and more sparkling ones, and in my judgment, instead of detracting from, it gives additional charms to them. Why should the singer be so trammelled as not to bring his scientific acquirements to bear on this description of composition as well as on that of any other. That some Scotch ballads will not admit of ornament is undeniable, nor does Templeton attempt it in such as "My Nannie, O" &c. which he sings feelingly. It is true he deviates occasionally from the notation which our arrangers of Scotch songs have given, but he is entitled to do so, so long as he preserves their character. There is no possibility of establishing a standard of notation of Scotch melodies, as many of them were composed at a period so remote that we can find no trace of their authorship; handed down from generation to generation by the ear, they must have undergone many alterations suggested by the taste of the singer at different periods. We have a proof of this in the Skene manuscripts, which contain some of the most popular songs of the present time, with a notation so different as scarcely to be recognised as the same melody. To Templeton the musical public of Scotland is indebted for introducing to them, through his entertainments, a class of compositions apart from the comparatively ballad style. The accompaniments to the vocalist forming a powerful auxiliary to general effect, it would be injustice to omit mentioning the veteran Blewitt's skill in presiding at the pianoforte.

PERSIANI, SALVI, FORNASARI, AND ORSINI, have given a morning and evening concert, on Tuesday and Thursday, in last week, at Edinburgh. Both appear to have been successful. The *Caledonian Mercury* has some sensible remarks on each of the performers, from which we insert a few extracts. In the notice of the morning concert, our cotemporary remarks, touching Persiani:—

"Madame Persiani was in excellent voice, and we have only to repeat our unqualified admiration of all she did, excepting the substituting of Rossini's Cavatina from the "*Barbiere*" for the scena from "*Lucia*," which was promised in the bills. We must protest against this too frequent practice. If the programme must be changed, some reason ought to be given to the public, otherwise it is a breach of faith on the part of the managers or singers or both."

Of Salvi, take the following:—

"Salvi delighted us beyond measure, and most

particularly in the "*Vivi tu*," and in the trio from "*Guglielmo Tell*," both of which he gave with great feeling."

Of Fornasari, our acute cotemporary thus (too eulogistically) speaks:—

"We liked Fornasari better on a second hearing. His intonation, although not perfect, was more correct than on Tuesday, and he certainly has facility of execution, considering the ponderous nature of his voice. His part in the *quartetto* from "*Lucia*" was excellently sung, but we were not pleased with the aria, "*Non e allo specchio*," which has little or no merit in itself, and acquired none in the performance."

Orsini is thus fairly treated:—

"Orsini's accompaniments were better played than on Tuesday. Perhaps he had got a hint to "abate his choler," or perhaps his better acquaintance with the room produced the change. Be that as it may, there certainly was improvement. His singing is neither here nor there, and the trio from "*Guglielmo Tell*" was spoilt for want of the principal bass."

The following succinct and admirable critique of the performance of Puzzi and Seligman (who the deuce is he?) we insert entire.

"As for Puzzi and Seligman, we leave them in statu quo."

This is the ablest critique we ever perused in a country paper.

CROSBY HALL.—Miss Clara Seyton gave a lecture, with musical illustrations, on English operas, on Tuesday evening, to a very numerous audience. The fair reciter touched briefly, but with much point, on the earlier attempts to establish musical dramas in this country, and she enlarged on the merits of Gay's "*Beggar's Opera*," the melodies of which were selected by him, and arranged for the orchestra by Dr. Pepuseh. Miss Seyton sang, "Can we be controll'd," and "Cease your funning." She was encored in the latter. In the course of the evening, Miss Seyton sang the words of the song said to have been sung by Blondell, outside of the prison in which Richard Cœur de Lion was confined, but set to music by Mr. T. Cooke. The entertainment was well received throughout, and highly applauded. Mr. Masters accompanied the songs on the pianoforte.

MOSCHELES.—This celebrated musician has been enjoying himself, with his wife and family, on the Rhine. Though he only went for "a holiday," he informs us, by a letter, received last week, that at Aix la Chapelle some of his old friends insisted on his giving a concert. This, we learn from a local journal, was brilliantly attended, and proved how highly Moscheles is esteemed, both as a composer and pianist, by the triumphant reception he encountered. Moscheles will not return to England until the spring.

* The Abate Toderini, from whose work the materials for this sketch are taken, used every means to find the air of *Sack Gule* the Persian harper, but it was never noted it seems, and is only played from tradition. In the "*Poetical Register*," vol. 8, there is an ode by the late Eyles Irwin on the triumph obtained by the Persian musician over the ferocity of Amurath.

STREAKY BACON.—On Dibdin enquiring of a farmer how he contrived to have such delicious streaky bacon, he replied, "Why, sir, when we puts up the pigs to fatten, we give them their full allowance one day, and starve them the next, so their flesh becomes nice and streaky,—do you see it?" Dibdin laughed, and said, "You are a comical fellow;" "And so be you," replied the farmer. "Lawk! how you did make my girls laugh, when you sang about Mrs. Runninton's wig; and the young toads kept teasing their mother, who wears a wig, all night; but what pleased me most was that about

— A sweet little *Cupid* sits laughing above
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

LONGEVITY OF MUSICIANS.—The average of musicians enjoy a long life, which the following list will prove:—Dr. Aldridge, 91; Dr. Ayrton, 74; Barthelemon, 74; Bird, 80; Dr. Burney, 88; Dr. Child, 90; Clementi, 80; Cervitto, 96; D. Corri, 81; Crosdill, 70; Geminiani, 96; Giardini, 80; Gluck, 75; Neil Gow, 80; Handel, 75; Haydn, 76; M. Kelly, 76; Madame Mara, 82; Dr. Miller, 76; Palestrina, 81; Ponchee, 109; John Parke, 84; J. P. Salomon, 77; J. Sale, 72; J. S. Smith, 86; W. Shield, 80; Sir J. Stevenson, 74; S. Webbe, 77; C. Wesley, 78; S. Wesley, 70, &c. On the other hand, several died prematurely, among whom were, Mozart, 36; Purcell, 37; Pinto, 19; Malibran, 28; Weber, 40; Storace, 33; George Aspull, 19; Schubert, 33; Herold, 40; Bellini, 30.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.—A correspondent having noticed the paragraph which was inserted last week in the *Era*, respecting the son of the immortal composer of "Der Freischütz," says, that the latter resided, from the time of his arrival in this country (1826) until his death, at the residence of Sir George Smart, in Great Portland Street; so that all the nonsensical stuff about the clergy of the Catholic Chapel in Moorfields, leading Maximilian de Weber into the room where his father breathed his last, &c. &c.—is fudge!

MR. HENRY LINCOLN gives the first of a series of lectures on the genius of Beethoven, Weber, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, to night, at Crosby Hall, assisted by Miss M. Lincoln, and other vocalists.

MR. HORNCASTLE gave the first of a series of Lectures on Irish Music, at the Croydon Institution, on Monday evening.

LISZT has left Toulouse for Bordeaux.—The court-yard of the "*Hotel de l'Europe*," where he had been staying, was crowded with persons anxious to testify their admiration, which they did by loudly cheering him the instant he made his appearance, following his carriage out of the town.

HENRI HERZ has returned to Paris. He has not yet disposed of the patent of his pianos.

BENEDICT.—This eminent musician has returned to England with his wife and family.

MR. WILSON has been singing at Cheltenham, Bath, Exeter, &c., &c., during the past week, with the greatest success.

MR. JOHN PARRY concluded his engagement at Bristol on the 13th inst. His reception was quite enthusiastic. He commences at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, on Monday.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

My heart is sadly out of tune,
My breathing like a broken *Aute*:
Love's tone resembles a *bassoon*.
I care no longer for my *lute*.
I strike my breast, not my *guitar*,
I'm ever *harp*-ing on one theme;
My *organs* all dyspeptic are,
Life is a *fiddle*-laddle dream.

Those *viol*-ent vows you swore to keep,
When first you wooed me as your bride,
Are *trebly* false, and *bass* and deep,
As any *monstre Ophicleide*!
You fondly sang how much you lov'd,
Alas! but with my feelings *played*!
Go, go, deceiver, and unmoved
Triangle-ing for some other maid!

Methought the *tenor* of my life
Would pass *piano*-like and thrifty;
Yet now I would not be the wife
Of one whose *forte*'s nearer *fifty*!
Strings of my heart, in vain you stretch!
Ah! 'twill not break though you provoke it;
You're but a *cut-gut*, scraping wretch—
"There! put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Notices to Correspondents.

MR. TEMPLETON.—We are always happy to hear from, and, to the best of our ability, to assist the views of our respected correspondent. We received the paper and the enclosure. **Mrs. L. LINDLEY.**—We are flattered by the compliment contained in her note. "Swifter far than summer's flight," of Mr. Davidson, is published by Wessel and Stapleton. "There be none of beauty's daughters," at the same house; and the "*Tarantella*" of Dohler, we believe, at Cramer's. **MR. R. OLIVIER.**—We gladly accept our correspondent's kind offer, and shall expect to hear from him circumstantially. **MR. W. T. PATERSON.**—Received with thanks. His instructions shall be attended to. **MR. C. D. HACKETT.**—We have made use of his enclosure. **A SUBSCRIBER.**—The "Words for Music," that appear in our pages, are the copyright of their respective authors, who, of course, will be glad to dispose of them. **MISS LEY** shall hear from us. We have forwarded the *Musical World* as directed. **MR. LONGHURST.**—From this week *entirely new* arrangements are to be made in the conduct of this work. **SIGNOR CARLO MINASI.**—We regret the neglect, and shall call the parties to account in whose hands the matter rests. **MR. HORNCASTLE.**—By some oversight our correspondent's letter was mislaid, or we should have been too happy to insert the information it contained.

Songs of the Christian Graces,

COMPOSED BY

STEPHEN CLOVER.

The press are unanimous in pronouncing these compositions unique and unrivalled. **MR. BRANDARD**, in the lithographs, has surpassed himself. The poetry is of first rate excellence, and **MR. STEPHEN CLOVER**, in the music has outshone all his previous efforts. Take the opinion of the first musical authority in this country, the "*Musical World*," who says as musical compositions, as lyrical effusions and as specimens of lithographic art, the "Songs of the Christian Graces," are among the most attractive things of their kind that ever came under our notice—and we cannot but think that those most desirable of human qualities, "Faith, Hope, and Charity," must at least be encouraged, if not enforced, by their influence. It will not therefore be surprising to our readers, that we recommend them, both in a moral and artistic point of view.

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To the Musical World.

The Chirogymnast

is one of the most important inventions ever offered to the amateurs of music, abridging by two thirds the time and application necessary for overcoming the difficulties of fingering all descriptions of musical instruments. It is very highly approved of by Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert, by the Institute of France, by the first masters of the Piano, Organ, Harp, Flute, Violin, it is adopted for the use of the pupils at the Royal Academies of Music in Europe; patronised and recommended by Messdames Anderson, Dulcken, Pfeiffer; Messrs. Benedict, S. Bennett, De Beriot, Burgmüller, J. B. Cramer, Herz, Hungen, Kalkbrenner, Liszt, Moscheles, Neate, C. Potter, Camillo Sivori, C. Salaman, S. Thalberg, and Tulou. May be had of Messrs. Martin & Co., (sole manufacturers and patentees), 87, Piccadilly (opposite the Green Park), and all the principal (only) Music Sellers.

Charles Nicholson's Flutes.

The manufacturer of the above instrument directs the attention of Professors and Amateurs to his latest improved Flutes; these instruments although so well known to every true musician, yet, to the young performer, a word or two may be said with propriety respecting them. First—No Flutes can be better in tune than these, either in the sharp or flat keys. Second—Their quality of tone has always been unrivalled, and still maintains its superiority. Third—In contradistinction to all others these instruments are the easiest to perform on, the least exertion with the embouchure being required, and the quality of tone so requisite for every performer to attend to, is one of the leading characteristics with these instruments. Lastly—The strongest proof that need be adduced is that every performer of any celebrity on the flute, performs on those made on the principle of the late highly celebrated flutist, Charles Nicholson. Those Gentlemen who wish to be instructed on the correct principles of the above master, can be recommended to competent professors by applying at the manufactory, 13, Hanway Street, Oxford Street.

Jullien's Celebrated Polkas.

MONS. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that Nos. 5 and 6 of his collection of Polkas are just published. This collection is now composed of No. 1, The Original Polka; No. 2, The Royal Polka; No. 3, The Drawing Room; No. 4, The Ruge of Vienna; No. 5, The Imperial Polka; and No. 6, The Douro Polka; the other six, forming the complete collection of Twelve Polkas, will be published weekly during the present and following month. The immense success of M. JULLIEN'S Polkas having induced unprincipled persons to publish spurious imitations, **MONS. JULLIEN** has published the above Polkas at his own office, 3, MADDOX STREET, New Bond Street; and in order to secure the public against the possibility of purchasing the incorrect copies, he has attached his signature to each copy, none can therefore be relied on which have not his autograph.

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GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1844.

THE Hundred and Twenty-first Meeting of the Choirs of GLOUCESTER, WORCESTER, and HEREFORD, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of Clergymen in the Three Dioceses, will be held

On **TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, AND FRIDAY,**
The 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th of **SEPTEMBER**, under the Patronage of **HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY**

THE QUEEN.

Stewards:

THE HONOURABLE F. CHARTERIS, M.P.
COLONEL HAWKINS.
W. H. HARTLEY, ESQ.
S. GIST GIST, ESQ.

THOMAS TURNER, ESQ.
THE REV. THOS. EVANS, D.D.
THE REV. THOS. HUNTINGFORD.
THE REV. F. T. J. BAYLY.

On **TUESDAY MORNING**, September 24th, at the Cathedral, will be performed in the course of the service,

OVERTURE, ESTHER—Handel. GRAND DETTINGEN TE DEUM—Handel.

ANTHEM, "Blessed is he"—Boyce. ANTHEM, "Here shall soft charity."—Boyce.

GRAND CORONATION ANTHEM—Handel.

On **WEDNESDAY MORNING**, September 25th, at the Cathedral, **HANDEL'S GRAND SACRED ORATORIO,**

SAMSON,

(As performed at Norwich.)

On **THURSDAY MORNING**, September 26th, at the Cathedral, **HAYDN'S SACRED ORATORIO,**

THE CREATION.

MEDELSSOHN'S SACRED ORATORIO,

"LOBGESANG," OR HYMN OF PRAISE.

HANDEL'S SACRED ORATORIO

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

On **FRIDAY MORNING**, September 27th, at the Cathedral, **HANDEL'S SACRED ORATORIO,**

THE MESSIAH.

. There will be a **COLLECTION** at the Cathedral each Morning after the Performance.

ON **TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND THURSDAY EVENINGS**

GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS.

Principal Vocal Performers.

MADAME CARADORI ALLAN, MISS WILLIAMS, MISS M. WILLIAMS,
MISS BARRETT, MISS MARIA B. HAWES.

MR. HOBBS, MR. MANVERS.
MR. MACHIN, MR. W. WEISS, AND MR. A. NOVELLO.

Leaders—Messrs. CRAMER and LODER.

Conductor—Mr. AMOTT.

The Instrumental Band and Chorus have been selected with great care from the Orchestras of the Philharmonic, Concert of Ancients Music, and from the Choral Societies and Choirs of Exeter Hall, Birmingham, Liverpool, Windsor, Worcester, Hereford, &c. &c. the whole comprising nearly

THREE HUNDRED PERFORMERS.

The Reserved and Numbered Seats at the Cathedral, and all in the Concert Room, will be furnished with backs; and the Crown Court will be floored over as a Refreshment Room.

Tuesday Morning.—Numbered Seats, Three Shillings and Sixpence; Western Gallery, Two Shillings and Sixpence; Aisles, One Shilling. **Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday Mornings.**—Numbered Seats, Twelve Shillings and Sixpence; Western Gallery, Ten Shillings and Sixpence; Aisles, Five Shillings. **For the Evening Concerts.**—Ten Shillings and Sixpence.

The Doors will be opened—of the Cathedral, at Ten in the Morning—of the Shirehall, at Seven in the Evening, and the respective Performances will begin at Eleven and Eight o'Clock.

There will be a BALL after each Evening Concert.

Persons residing at a distance will be supplied with Tickets, by enclosing the amount to Mr. HENRY BROWNE, College Green, Gloucester.

London:—G. PURKISS, at the "Musical World" Office, 60, Dean Street, Soho, where communications to the Editor, and works for Review, and Advertisements should be sent.—R. GROOMBRIDGE, 5, Paternoster Row; MITCHESON, Buchanan Street, Glasgow; and the following Music Sellers:—Chappell, New Bond Street; Cramer & Co., Regent Street; Cocks & Co., Princes Street; D'Almaine, No. 10, Square; Duff & Hodgson, Oxford Street; and may be had on order of all respectable Music and Bookellers. Printed and Published by THOMAS HARRILD, of 11, Great Distaff Lane, Friday Street, at 1 & 1½, Dudley Court, in the Parish of St. Olave, Silver Street, in the City of London. Thursday September 19, 1844.